BELGRADE.

A

POEM.

To Souls like theſe in mutual Friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human-kind.

ADDISON's Campaign.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCCXVII. Price 6 *d.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

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POEM.

IF brave Heroic Acts a Place can claim
In the large Records of Immortal Fame ;
If antient *Bards*, with love of Virtue fir'd,
Eternaliz'd that Virtue they admir'd :
If *Troy*'s fam'd Chief to ſuch Perfection ſhines
In the ſweet *Mantuan* Swain's majeſtick Lines ;
His conqu'ring Arms o'er ſubject *Latium* ſpread,
And at his Feet the haughty *Turnus* dead :
If wiſe *Ulyſſes* was great *Homer*'s Theme,
His equal Conduct was the Bard's Eſteem,
He bravely triumph'd in the *Græcian* Verſe,
And loftieſt Numbers did his Feats rehearſe ;
What Godlike Heroes does our Age afford ?
What Godlike Actions worthy of Record ?
How would a Chriſtian Chief their *Worth* outſhine,
And his ſuperiour Grandeur ſwell each coſtly Line,
Were but our Bards, by their Example taught,
High as the Subject to improve the Thought ?

Yet

Yet to refuſe the Task, becauſe we fear
To Emulate thoſe Works, which we revere,
Becauſe our Pens ſo much inferiour are
To theirs, as are their Chiefs to ours in War,
Would be Injuſtice to our ſelves, and them:
The *Muſes* muſt not thus ſupinely Dream,
But riſe, and take th' advantage of the Theme.

Say, ſhall my Muſe ſing *Ruſſia*'s Monarch's Fame,
Through *Europe* roaming to exalt his Name;
Wh' improves his Country with paternal Care,
Trains up his Subjects in the Schemes of War,
Majeſtically awes them to's Command,
Refines, with poliſh'd Arts, a Savage Land?
Or *Swede*'s rough Prince, who, in Misfortunes, ſtill
Retains a boundleſs and unconquer'd Will;
Who, tho' ſo oft ſubdu'd, can all Things dare,
And wage with adverſe Fate unequal War?
Are theſe the Heroes whom thy Thoughts purſue,
To whom the Trophies of thy Verſe are due?
No: That Deſign give o'er: ——
Let their cold Clime produce as cold a Muſe,
To ſing thoſe Deeds the *Britiſh* Bards refuſe.
What they can claim, let barb'rous Lines rehearſe;
And equal to their Merit cloath the Verſe.
Can we ambitious Acts true Honour call?
And Greatneſs not entire, is none at all.
Proud Arrogance ill ſuits the laurell'd Throng,
And a raſh Hero taints an *Epic* Song.

But Thine be one in Human Acts Divine,
Whom Nature can't improve, nor Art refine;
Who ſcorns the Pageant Pomp of airy Praiſe,
Nor mounts to Glory by Inglorious Ways;

But

But on a true Foundation builds his Fame,
Where Honour is his Mark, and Juſtice is his Aim:
Bold, yet not Raſh, without Ambition Great,
Where Godlike Reaſon ſtill maintains her Seat;
Who from th' Oppreſſor does the Weak redreſs,
And by ſuperior Merit force Succeſs.
EUGENIO is the Man thus truly Great,
In him, its Centre, Virtue is compleat.
And whom, ye *Muſes*, would ye more revere,
Than him, the Leader of a ſacred *War*;
By Heav'n deputed to aſſert its Laws,
And vindicate Religion's injur'd Cauſe:
Whoſe riſing Fame has with the circling *Sun*
Round the wide Globe in ſwifteſt Paces run;
Who next to Heav'n Commands, and his Commands are done.
Who with repeated News the *World* alarms
Of conqu'ring Virtue, and of conq'ring Arms,
By thoſe firm *Worthies* of the Chriſtian Band,
Loaded with Laurels in an Hoſtile Land,
Where Crowds of wretched Unbelievers bleed,
Th' Almighty's Favour ſhines in ev'ry Deed.

Muſe, ſtring thy Lyre! for this great *Task* prepare;
Recite th' unequal'd Triumphs of the *War*:
Perhaps e'en Thou, by this ambitious Strain,
(Tho' but the meaneſt of *Apollo*'s Train)
May'ſt raiſe in nobler Breaſts a nobler Flame,
To paint his Actions, and inroll his Name;
Perhaps e'en ADDISON himſelf may deign,
To write a ſecond *War*, a new *Campaign*;
To ſing the Brother Chief, and make EUGENE
In equal Luſtre with great MARLBRO' ſhine;

To place his Merit in the juſteſt Light;
What they perform, there's none but He can write.

Immortal Prince of Verſe; for once excuſe
The raſh Preſumption of an artleſs Muſe;
Who, when ſhe mentions ADDISON, can dare
In unexperienc'd Lines attempt a *War*.

Pardon, *Illuſtrious Chief*, that thus my Pen
Should in enervate Strains thy Worth prophane,
Should ſtrive to raiſe its *Pegaſeian* Flight
Sublime, as is thy own unbounded Height:
In ſuch a Sphere can I ſecurely roam,
Without the Hazard of th' *Icarian* Doom?
Preſume in fading Colours to purſue
The ſtrongeſt Scene that ever Poet drew?
Yet if thoſe great Atchievements would infuſe
Their ſacred Influence through the raptur'd Muſe;
I'd trace the Hero through his hardy Toils,
And deck my Verſe with his victorious Spoils;
Each glorious Act ſhould be by me explor'd,
And all the mighty Triumphs of his Sword.

The haughty *Sultan*, whoſe Imperial Sway
Large boundleſs Tracts of *Eaſtern* Lands obey,
Impatient of his Loſs the laſt Campaign,
His dire Defeat on the *Hungarian* Plain,
Where his prime Troops in heap'd-up Piles lay dead,
Or from the adverſe Fight ignobly fled;
Their Tents, their warlike Stores, diſgraceful Blow!
Left as a Spoil to the ſucceſsful Foe;
Fir'd with Revenge, and urg'd by wild Deſpair,
Reſolves with Vigour to reſtore the *War*.

From

From ev'ry part of his expanded Reign,
New Levies riſe to form a new Campaign;
Again his gilded Creſcents ſtream in Air,
To theſe in forward Crowds Recruits repair,
Sworn to ſupport his Kingdom's tott'ring Frame,
Retrieve the ſully'd Glory of his Name,
And write in *Chriſtian* Blood the *Turkiſh* Fame.

Nigh where the *Save* directs its rapid courſe,
And rolls along with unobſtructed force,
Its laviſh Streams diſcharging all around,
To bleſs with ſmiling Crops the fruitful Ground;
There ſtands an awful Fortreſs, whoſe Command
Spreads its wide terror over the neigh'bring Land,
Fam'd for its Walls, and its aſpiring Tow'r,
Its ſcornful Ramparts, and extenſive Pow'r;
Hungaria's Pride, its tutelary Star,
Its Guard in Peace, its Bulwark in the War;
Hither his Arms advance, *Belgrade*'s the place,
To make attonement for his laſt Diſgrace;
Here they intrench, in glitt'ring Pomp array'd,
Their bloody Standards round the Walls diſ-(play'd;
On crowded Numbers, and extended Troops,
He placed his lateſt, and his only Hopes.

Fond Prince! deluded Monarch, fit for Peace,
Lull'd in the Tranſports of laſcivious Eaſe;
In the Seraglio Act thy am'rous Feats,
And prove thy Manhood in the wanton Sheets.
There be thy Fame extoll'd, nor vainly hope,
Thy Arms in War can with the *Chriſtians* cope;
Own the ſuperior Genius of the Foe,
Wiſely deſiſt; nor tempt a ſecond Blow:

The

The Wolf intrap'd remembers well the Pain,
Nor raſhly proves the fatal Toils again;
Examines ev'ry place with prudent care;
His watchful Eyes deceive the hoſtile Snare.
For once, imperious Sultan, deign to learn,
Thy former Fate the future ſhould forewarn.
Vain is Advice; th' important Hour is near,
And Fate's deciding Hand brings on the War.
The *Chriſtian* Chief his artful Batt'ries forms,
And darts his Thunder in impetuous Storms:
The *Ottomans*, incens'd, with vengeance burn;
Their Walls with equal rage the Storm return:
Till ſoon their levell'd Works, a lumpiſh Load
Of Ruin lie, th'aſpiring Bulwarks nod;
Their bulky Pride the Walls maintain no more,
But ſhake and tremble at the Canons Roar;
Urg'd by their near Diſtreſs the Vizier ſpeeds,
With fierce Battalions to their Aid proceeds:
Each Soul, inſpir'd with Enthuſiaſtick Heat,
Seems to deſpiſe the Fate he's ſure to meet.
They reach the *Chriſtian* Camp; now Shouts ariſe,
And mutual Echo's rend the vaulted Skies:
Th'expanded Armies formidable Train
O'erſhade, like ſwarming Bees, the darken'd Plain.
The thick embattled Hoſt their Troops divide,
Enclos'd the *Germans* round on ev'ry ſide;
And Thoughts of wiſh'd Succeſs the Foe defy'd.

The mighty Chief revolving this Deſign,
Intently viewing their extended Line,
(For Pride of Soul, and Thirſt of Fame renown'd)
O'erlooks their Numbers, and advantag'd Ground;
Fierce as the tow'ring Miniſter of *Jove*
Fleetly aſcending to the Realms above,

To

To execute his angry Lord's Commands;
And ſcatter Vengeance through rebellious Lands,
With gen'rous Zeal the feather'd Warrior flies,
And darts the ſure Deſtruction from the Skies;
Nor ceaſes, till they curſe the fatal Hour,
When firſt they tempted *Jove*'s vindictive Pow'r.
So, firm in his Reſolves; So, void of Fear,
The dauntleſs Hero ruſhes to the War;
With ſtrong redoubled Ire commands the Blow,
And hurls the vengeful Thunder on the Foe:
He bids his hardy Troops the Trench aſcend:
(But oh! what Deaths the great Attempt attend!)
Oppreſs'd with Numbers, and unequal Fire,
In Crowds they periſh, or in Crowds retire:
Again the gen'rous Troops th' Attack repeat,
Again compell'd by Numbers to retreat.

Whilſt thus *Eugene* the doubtful Fight behe'ld,
And all the dire Confuſion of the Field,
Still with a dauntleſs Soul, and Mind ſedate,
Collected in himſelf, ſecure of Fate,
Amidſt tumultuous Noiſe, and ſhrill Alarms,
The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Din of Arms;
His well laid Schemes with Conduct he purſues,
His well built Hopes from his juſt Cauſe renews.
The truſty Cohorts, by his Preſence fir'd,
Their drooping Souls with ſecond Life inſpir'd;
Their noble Breaſts glowing with fierce Diſdain,
With double Rage, and ſtronger Conſort join,
T'avenge their Loſs, and brave Aſſociates ſlain.
Nor Batt'ries, nor Intrenchments ſtop their [Courſe,
But on they ruſh with irreſiſtleſs Force;

Strong as a Torrent, whoſe prevailing Sway
(away;
Bears down, and ſweeps the yielding Dams
They gain the Lines: in vain their deſp'rate Foes,
Their Hills of Mud, and pointed Spears oppoſe:
And now on equal Terms the Hoſts engage,
Now all the Terrors of the Battle rage;
Triumphant Death, pale Fear, and grim Deſpair,
And all the ghaſtly Images of War.
Long did the Fight in doubtful State ſuſpend,
Nor here, nor there, th'uncertain Scale deſcend;
Till Great *Eugene* his utmoſt Valour prov'd,
And to his ſide the trembling Ballance mov'd.
(Way,
Now conqu'ring Troops purſue their bloody
And puſh the Fortune of the glorious Day;
Here Victors Shouts aſcend the echoing Skies,
And there loud Shrieks, and dying Groans ariſe;
Frantick Ideas ev'ry Thought moleſt,
And anxious Horrors crowd in ev'ry Breaſt.
Oh dreadful Scene! The Field is cover'd o'er
With ſlaughter'd Heaps, and ſtreams with recent
(Gore.

At length the Vizier griev'd, as he beheld
His braveſt Forces, with his Hopes, repell'd;
No more would tempt his Fate, nor longer dare
Withſtand the Fortune of ſucceſsleſs War;
But flies to ſhun the Death he thinks too near.
His Fears impel him fleeter than the Wind;
His Fears enhance the Dangers from behind:
And now the Conflict's o'er, the Rout's compleat;
In Crowds on Crowds the ſhatter'd Troops re
(treat;

Nor Hills, nor Marſhes, can their Flight reſtrain;
Fear drives, where Courage might attempt in vain.
The Camp abandon'd thus, the vanquiſh'd Spoils
Adorn the Victor, and reward his Toils;
Amidſt th'exulting Hoſt loud *Ios* rung,
And grateful Hymns th'Almighty's Favour ſung.

Here pauſe my Muſe, let fall a gen'rous Tear,
Thoſe much lamented Heroes Shades revere;
Who in the Field of Battle fought ſo well,
And in ſo juſt a Cauſe, ſo bravely fell.
As their bright Souls are lodg'd in Realms divine,
May their fair Deeds in earthly Records ſhine;
That future Chiefs may ſtrive with them to vie,
And learn like them to live, like them to die.

But moſt, to Heav'n thy grateful Homage pay,
That in the Wreck, and Tumult of the Day;
(E'en in the midſt of flying Deaths,) did ſhow,
Eugenio's Safety was its Care below;
Preſerv'd that Life, which muſt for ever be
Precious to all the Sons of Liberty.

Enough Brave Prince ———
By theſe great Steps you ev'ry Heart engage;
Long hath Tyrannick Empire felt your Rage.
The *Flandrian* Plains your well try'd Conduct knew,
Turin did your conſummate Courage ſhew;
And *Savoy*'s Duke his Country owes to you.
With brighteſt Beams your Glory ſhines unmix'd,
On the firm Baſis of fair Virtue fix'd;
Its ſtrong attractive Force, its radiant Fire,
Compels ev'n thoſe it conquers to admire;

Fac-

Faction no more her venom'd Sting betrays;
And Envy's ſelf, ſpite of herſelf, muſt Praiſe.
But if Fate or Time ſhould raiſe new Foes,
Foment new Jars, to trouble your Repoſe;
Diſturb *Europa*'s Peace with freſh Alarms,
And Juſtice call her Champion forth to Arms;
Still may propitious Heav'n ſupport your Cauſe,
That laſting Peace may crown the vaſt Applauſe.

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